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J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI.

A young lady at a box party one night defined a chaperon as "one who got out of the way whenever there was a chap around."

The Washington newspapers announce that the capital is seething in all kinds of wickedness. Congress cannot be blamed for it this time.

Notwithstanding the evident desire of both parties to handle the liquor question carefully, the rush for drinks at the candidate's expense continues.

It may not be invariably true that fine feathers make fine birds, but in the case of the parrot they certainly do make a brilliant conversationalist.

Personal investigation has assured the agricultural editor of one of our New York city dailies that the story that watermelons grow on water lily stems is a canard.

An electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, the divorced wife of Willie K., for years has not addressed a man directly, but has employed certain persons to take from her the royal commands. To talk to a tradesman or to order anything out of a shop is too much for her nerves. On one occasion, two summers ago, she had a list written and given to the lodge-keeper at Newport of the people who were to be admitted and those who were not.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba continue to affirm that the insurrection is practically crushed, and at the same time to send vehement appeals to Madrid for more men and money. It is hopeless to expect anything like accurate details of military movements in Cuba, as neither party is scrupulous about telling the exact truth; but measured solely by the efforts which are made to suppress it, the insurrection clearly is a formidable affair.

The new portable Maxim gun, a small innocent-looking affair weighing but forty-five pounds, bids fair to revolutionize modern methods of war. Its muzzle can be moved out by the bearer in all directions, and it will fire 600 bullets a minute, sending them through forty inches of oak. It is estimated that an army of 10,000 men equipped with this death-dealing terror would be equal to an army of 1,000,000 men with the present weapons.

Lady Churchill's achievements in English politics first showed the energy of American women abroad. Now Miss Mary Leiter and Miss Jane Chamberlain, who were, are going to give an exhibition of their political finesse. Politics in Great Britain and the United States are entirely different. It is likely that the young wives could not be tempted to electioneer on the American plan, and at the same time the sort of feminine stumping done in the United States would not capture a vote in England.

Professor Wiley, the chemist of the Agricultural Department, has initiated a series of experiments to determine the relative fertility of typical soils of the United States. The ultimate object of the investigation appears to be to determine the nature of the fertilizers necessary to restore the fertility of any particular soil, and thus to save the farmers thousands of dollars annually spent for fertilizers which do not meet the necessities of the soil to which they are applied.

Two tons of pig-iron have been purchased by the Lancashire, Pa., authorities for the physical culture of tramps. Each convicted tourist will be compelled to take five hours' active exercise by carrying this iron from one end of the prison yard to the other under penalty of stoppage of rations. The method has nothing to commend it but its utter uselessness as a productive factor and its aggravation to the tramp. The infliction of misery without some compensating benefit is the most diabolical of reform measures.

We are threatened with a hotel building age. Architects and engineers say that never to their knowledge was there as much projected hotel and apartment house construction as now. What is the reason? It is this, that electric buttons, electric cookery, electric travel, and electric action of all kinds, concentrates advantages, and helps to multiply opportunities for association. The social side of life is being developed. People want to be more together instead of divided. Theaters, churches, clubs, associations, tours, travels, lectures, reading of papers, books, magazines, cable, telephones, and what not, are springing up right and left.

THE SPINSTER ARMY.

WOMEN WHO EVADE THE DARTS OF CUPID.

Found in Various Callings Including the Ministry, Art, Science and Literature—Range in Ages from 25 to 75 Years—Who They Are.

(Special Correspondence.)

TO MARRY or not to marry—that is the question which perplexes every woman at some time in her career, and must be answered yea or nay. The ambitious plead that an unmarried woman is less hampered and trammelled than her married sister, and therefore a woman is better off without than with the life society of the tyrant man. It used to be the fashion and until very recently to style unmarried ladies past a certain age as old maids. Now they are woman bachelors, whether they be twenty-five or fifty-five. Certain it is, a glance over the list of feminine bachelors shows that many women have earned fame and fortune unfettered and unaided by husbands. Here are a few interesting examples, which tell their own story:

Miss Harriet G. Hosmer is the foremost woman sculptor in America. She is the daughter of a well-known physician, and was born in Massachusetts sixty years ago. For forty years she has been a resident of Rome, going there in 1852 with her father and her friend, Charlotte Cushman. Some of her celebrated works have been the "Beatrice Cenci," in the St. Louis Public Library, and the ideal figures, "Zenobia," "Puck," "Sleeping Faun," and the "Pompeian Sentinel." Miss Hosmer has carved out a future with her chisel, and she was paid for one piece of work \$25,000, the figure of Queen Isabella, for the World's Fair.



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Rosa Bonheur is another of the old maids born to poverty as the sparks are to fly upward, and who has gained a generous future by the cunning of her fingers in representing the animals she loves so well.

Miss Ada M. Field, a great traveler, who has written books and lectured, has devoted much of her time to ameliorating the condition of her sex. She has worked hard and earnestly for political equality, but finds her greatest rest and relaxation in the housewifely acts, particularly cooking and sewing.

Miss Grace Dodge is so young and good to look upon that it is difficult to distinguish her from one of her girls. She is wrapped up heart and soul in the cause of the working girl, and what she has accomplished for them no one will ever know. She lives with her mother in quiet, but elegant style, on Madison avenue, New York. Her life is a very busy one, for she fulfills many social obligations besides presiding over the working girls' clubs, and being their confidant and adviser.

Miss Anna Leary is the oldest of the socially prominent spinsters in New York society. Half of her enormous income goes in well-considered and de-



MAMIE DICKENS. serving charities. She is building now a memorial chapel for her brother, Arthur Leary, who was about the most popular man in New York society. The chapel is for the use of the patients of Bellevue hospital. There is to be no fixed creed, but every denomination will be welcomed alike. Miss Leary lives in a picturesque old house way down on Fifth avenue with her surviving bachelor brother, Charles Leary.

Kate Field's name is well known over two continents as a brilliant, fearless writer and a bold, convincing lecturer.

Her great aim in life is to combat what she argues are the fallacies of prohibition, and her services are in constant demand all over the world.

Susan B. Anthony is as energetic in the crusade of woman suffrage as when in the early fifties she began to make her demand for equal rights for men and for women. She is well into the seventies, but her unusual mind seems to gather fresh vigor with every birthday. It is always a pleasure when this modest-looking little woman, with her smoothly parted hair and earnest winning face, rises to speak, for she always has something well worth the telling, and tells it right worthily.

Ada Rehan and Georgia Cayvan are the bachelor girls among the theatrical stars since Mary Anderson took upon herself the responsibilities of home-making and housekeeping.

In literature the list of unmarried is a long one. Among the noted names are Nora Perry, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the president, and at one time the first lady in the land; Ouida, Jean Ingelow, Rosa Nouchette Cary, Anna Dickinson, Grace Denio Litchfield, Edith Thomas and Susan Coolidge.

Miss Katharine Draper, who is still handsome and healthy, though past eighty, had the honor to be photographed by her brother, Professor Draper, of the University of New York, in 1841. Miss Draper was then a young lady in society, and the fact that a "sun" picture had been made of her was widely discussed by the belles and beaux. The picture, which was the first of the kind ever taken, was sent to England to Sir William Herschel, from whose son it was procured for the World's Fair. Miss Draper remembers the process vividly, and enjoys telling all about it.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett occasionally writes sketches of 6,000 or 7,000 words in a single day. This is of course exceptional, and her favorite way of writing is to work steadily during five or six weeks and then to stop for a like period of time.

Miss Frances E. Willard is one of our most interesting women bachelors. She is in London now, the guest of Lady Henry Somerset. Distressing news has lately come across the seas to the effect that after many years of freedom and emancipation Miss Willard may marry an Englishman. He is vaguely described as of rank, fortune, and heart and soul devoted to the principles for which Miss Willard has spent the best part of her life. The name of the suitor has not been mentioned, though some of Miss Willard's intimate friends have admitted that stranger things than this have happened.

The Rev. Phoebe Hannaford, a prominent member of the Sorosis, has the honor of being the first woman minister ordained in America. At the time of Dr. Hannaford's ordination only three women besides herself in the world had received orders. She is busily engaged in preparing a book of her early experiences.

Miss Mamie Dickens, the eldest



HARRIET HOSMER.

daughter of the great novelist, makes her home at quaint old Dunton rectory in the town of Brentwood in Essex, England. The love of flowers, which, with her, amounts to a passion, is fully gratified in this beautiful country. Her real life work consists in ministering to the poor and sick and needy. She was born in Farnval's inn in March of 1818, when Charles Dickens was past 25 years old, and father and child grew up almost, as it were, together. It is not to be wondered at that she is like him in thought, taste, sentiment, and even looks.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter and companion of the "Grand Old Man," is a tall, stately woman of 43. The genius of her father seems to shine through her deep, earnest eyes. For a number of years she has been vice principal of the Newnham College for Women at Cambridge. Notwithstanding her work for, and her intense belief in the higher education of women, Miss Gladstone has a great dislike to the masculine girl. She believes that the great mission of woman is to be womanly and that college life has no influence in robbing women of their chief charm. This gifted daughter not only coincides with her father's political views, but, like him, is a great believer in the virtues of hardy exercise. It is not on record that she ever felled a tree, but she is an indefatigable walker and climber and endeavors to have her college girls follow her example.

A successful bachelor maid is Lotta, who has wooed a goodly fortune from the fickle goddess. She is credited with having a snug \$2,000,000 to her credit, well invested in a hotel in Boston, next to the Park Avenue theater, which she also owns. In New York she has a swell apartment house, besides real estate all over the country. She and her mother, Mrs. Crabtree, make all the investments without the help of any men folk. Her father was an unsuccessful miner, and it was from a log cabin on Rabbit creek, California, that the actress made her debut.

GOSPEL ON WHEELS.

RELIGION IN A WAGON FOR NON-CHURCH GOERS.

Has a Choir and Free Seats—A Novel Idea in Missionary Work Which Is Making Converts in Washington, D. C.

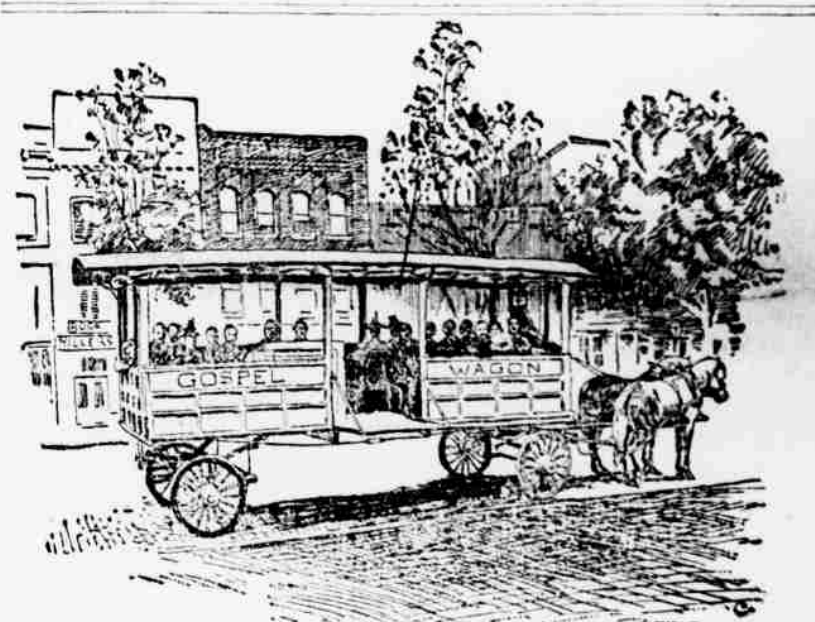


IN WASHINGTON, D. C., the "Gospel wagon" is the newest idea for prosecuting the war against sin and crime. This novel vehicle, which is really a small church on wheels, is twenty-five feet in length, seven feet in width and will comfortably seat thirty-three people.

As may be seen in the picture, part of the panel on the right hand side of the wagon is cut through and works outward from the lower end on hinges. When this is on a level with the floor of the wagon it is held firmly in position by iron straps and constitutes the platform from which the preacher may address the assembled throng. On the opposite side of the wagon is another opening in the panel. When this is in use it falls to a level with the pavement and provides, on its inner side, four steps by which one may ascend and enter this fin de siècle chariot of the Lord. The roof is detachable, so that in fair weather it may be removed. On hot days a canvas covering protects the heads of the worshipful from the sun's rays.

On the left hand side of the wagon, and adjoining the pulpit platform, is a handsome organ. The choir is an able one, and singing is an important feature. All the seats are made to fold so that space may be economized when necessary. A handsome pair of roan horses, donated by a wealthy sympathizer, draw the missionary wagon about the city.

This interesting traveling church has no pastor, but it makes up for this



TRAVELING MISSIONARY WAGON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

deficiency in the number of its congregations. Different preachers take charge of the services from day to day, each one going in a different section of the city. On Sunday, when the ordained preachers are busy with their regular charges some deacon officiates, and the wagon is usually drawn to some suburban locality where people congregate in the endeavor to keep cool.

But there is no part of Washington that this wagon does not penetrate. Those neighborhoods in which live the classes considered mostly in need of redemption are visited every day at a scheduled time. There is a great interest in the services and the attendance is always good. The services usually last about half an hour.

Although the Gospel wagon and its occupants have gone among the very roughest classes in Washington they have been treated with respect even by those from whom they had reason to expect ridicule, if not violence, and many persons ordinarily indifferent to religious services became actually interested, with the result that frequent conversions have been made. The builders of the wagon have orders from several other cities for vehicles of similar structure, to be used for the same purpose.

Time Thrown Away.

Clara—What's the matter, dear? Dora—It's too much to bear. Mr. Faintheart hasn't proposed yet.

Clara—But you told me you wouldn't marry him.

Dora—Of course I wouldn't. But, after all the time I've wasted on him, I think he might at least give me a chance to refuse him.

Levelhead's Fear.

Canvasser (Weekly Bore)—What could be fairer than that? We offer you as a premium an encyclopedia worth ten dollars for only five.

Mr. Levelhead—Yes, that's fair enough; but I'm afraid you'll send the Weekly Bore with it.

MADE HIM EAT IT.

The Policeman Would Have No Man Flourishing a Pistol There.

The boys are telling a rather good story on a Fargo citizen and police officer, which runs something in this wise, says Fargo Forum: The citizen had purchased a candy revolver for his little boy, which closely resembled a genuine weapon. Last night he was in the ladies' waiting room at the Northern Pacific awaiting the arrival of No. 2, smoking a cigarette. It's against the rules to smoke in this room, and when the officer stepped in he detected the smell of smoke, and after sizing up the crowd, finally located the citizen calmly smoking away.

"Here," said the officer, "if you want to smoke you will have to go outside."

"Don't you talk to me that way," replied the cigarette smoker, "or I'll blow you full of holes." As he said this he drew the candy weapon from his pocket and leveled it at the officer.

The crowd at least took no chances. Convinced there was going to be a shooting and that a "copper" or somebody was going to be killed, there was a unanimous desire among the bystanders not to witness the slaughter of the devoted guardian of the peace. Every one made an attempt at the same time to reach the door. Several might have been injured if the prompt action of the police officer had not prevented the panic that seemed imminent. He seized the citizen's right arm and pushed it up and back so that if the candy revolver was discharged it would be in the air. Then he shouted: "You are under arrest!" and led him out into the hallway, which was soon crowded. The citizen still held the candy revolver, which looked formidable enough in the dim light. He seemed to have lost his bold front and was trembling with fear. In faltering tones he said: "Don't put me under arrest. I would rather eat this revolver than be locked up in a police cell."

"Well," said the officer, half in jest, "you eat that revolver and I'll let you go."

"All right," he returned, and to the amazement of every one, including the officer, he put the barrel into his mouth

and bit off a large section. Before the crowd recovered from its surprise the trigger had disappeared from view, and by the time the officer had discovered that he had been the victim of a joke the revolver had been eaten.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

M. Louis Pasteur has refused a German decoration.

The present czar of Russia, like his father, is a great novel reader.

The widow of Sir Richard Sutton of Genesta-America's cup fame, is about to be married again.

Count Sugen Zichy, member of the Hungarian parliament, has undertaken at his own expense an exploration of the Caucasus.

Lord Rosebery, who is a collector of odd kinds of relics, recently invested in some slave-chains and a man-trap of old slavery days.

Word comes from Japan that Count Henry Comdenhove, head of the Austrian embassy in Japan, married a Japanese of high family recently.

Dr. Leslie Phillips, a well-known scientist, warns the new woman against wearing her hair short and says the cause of baldness in man is due to the fact that he cuts his hair.

Miss Katherine Drexel of Philadelphia, who is now a religious and is called Mother Katherine, has built a Roman Catholic church for negroes in New Orleans, which will be called St. Katherine's.

Each successive mistress of the White House has had certain favorite flowers, which have been grown there very plentifully during her stay. Mrs. Hayes' favorites were the rose and the apple geranium; Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Harrison preferred orchids, while Mrs. Cleveland likes the pansy, and next to that the cape jasmine.

For more than a century the Macleods have been leading men in the Church of Scotland. Three of them have presided as moderator over the general assembly, and the fourth, Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod of Glasgow, has just been chosen for that office. Dr. Macleod is the editor of Good Words, has traveled over most of the world, loves boating and fishing, is a capital story-teller, and has the most fashionable congregation in Glasgow.